

Hollywood Park Poems

hollywood park poems

by doug tanoury



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING

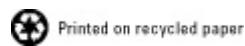


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FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



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The titles for many of the poems in this collection were taken from the names of horses found in racing schedules and results at Hollywood Park as well as other well-known tracks. No horses were hurt, injured or in any way exploited in the preparation of this book.

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Hollywood Park Poems

Autumn Inside Me

I pick a pear from a branch
Hanging low
And take a small bite
Just to test the taste
It is sweet
So the second
And all subsequent bites
Are larger

It is cool after sunset
I no longer walk
Barefoot on the blacktop
In comfort
It is a marble floor
Against my soles

I eat the pear
Seeds and all
And only the stem is left
To twirl between thumb
And forefinger
As I wish
I had plucked two
From the tree
With branches
Hanging so low

I walk in darkness
Just after sunset
Without
A remnant of light
On the horizon
Black
Is the color
Of fall nights

I have tasted the season
On my lips
Across my tongue
And there is no doubt
It is autumn
Inside me

Awake Erato

“Awake Erato”
I whisper in urgent prayer
As we play master and slave
To senses that blend together
In this moment so finely
I can smell her movements
Taste fragrance
Hear texture
Touch her words
And see her thoughts

In passionate confusion
The hand is quicker than the eye
And mechanisms that trigger illusions
Is the obvious as
I am transformed into
Animal
Vegetable
Mineral
Reduced to the basic
And most elemental parts
In a universe of limbs
That is ever expanding

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Bellesonnette

The sound of dry leaves
Scattered by the wind
Across the pavement,
Sound like footsteps.

Crows in the highest branches
Of a leafless Aspen
Call out, announcing
A November night.

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Winter Birds

_____ flocksofbirdsperchonutilitywireshighoverhead_____against_____
_____a_____ winterskystucktothewires_____frozen_____

_____ stillandunmovingtheirheadstuckedagainsttheir_____breasts_
_____ like_____ linesoffreeverse_____

Blossom Bound

The buds in the vase
Sitting on the kitchen table
Have opened today,

And we debate the color
Of roses in half bloom.
I say lavender.

She says periwinkle.
I say the color of lilacs.
She says an iris hue.

I say lavender like woman's hat
At a Solemn High Easter Mass.
She says the periwinkle of her scarf.

Six Brass Buttons

I remember his uniform
In my bedroom closet as a boy.
The jacket's sleeves lit up
With Sergeant Major stripes.
Its weight slowly bending
The wire hanger.

Cedarwood Spirit

In the chest at the foot of the bed,
Where the flannel sheets
And winter quilts are kept in summer,
I find the crocheted tablecloth
She made and the crystal candelabra
From her dining room and I miss her,
Regretting it's been so long
Since I've looked in this chest.

Daiquiri Blue Moon

I often sit in the yard
On summer nights, on
A wooden sun chair that
I built from scrap.

I think about the things
In the past that brought
Me here, the events that
Shaped this moment, the
Things I did or did not.

I can count the turning points,
And say if not that, not this,
But I'm not so sure of water-
Sheds, for I mistrust them.

It's little insignificant
Moments that grow and
Build in importance like
The eyes of a man and woman
That meet quite by accident.

Direct Investment

I give her new bills
Brightly green like the
First leaves of Spring
Folded small and tight
Like the wings of a katydid
An arm of a mantis
To kiss her cheek
I draw her close
In tender embrace

Echostalkingwillow

I remember a willow
In my yard as a child
Its branches weeping
Way to the ground,
And me hiding in them,
Wondering what could
Cause a tree to cry.

Histories

I watched her light a candle
And move in the weak light
From a bygone age

The flame so fragile
It leans and sways in air's
Faintest motions

My burning love is a lamp
From antiquity a pre-industrial
Handcrafted artifact

An oil lamp of glass from Rome
Bronze from Carthage
A terra cotta from Athens

She smiles at me in a flicker
Of light and knows all my past
Like a life from Plutarch

A chronicle from Tacitus
An Annals from Leviticus a history
From Herodotus

And me ignorant knowing nothing
Of her can only quote Ovid, Cattulus,
Hesiod and Gilgamesh

Lying in darkness with her
On Spring nights everything learned
Is forgotten

And yesterdays are so many
Shadows cast in the glow
Of the lamplight of love

Lucky Souvenir

On a belt loop of my blue jeans
I'd wear a neon green rabbit's foot
Hanging on a golden chain
As a boy, and I believed that it
Made mysterious karmic allowance
and magically adjusted providence.
It kept me from trouble in school,
Helped in fights walking home and
Made fourth grade girls smile.
So much for a boy depends
On totems and tokens and
A green rabbit's foot.

Manhattan Night

The Manhattan skyline rises
With gun-barrel grayness
Above hard streets of dull
Pavement and sidewalk where
Glittering crystalline sparkles
Speckle the concrete surface

On a summer night it wears
Blue neon like a sequin dress
And walks slowly on porcelain legs
That balance in stiletto heels and
Carry a form without softness
Through the cold white moonlight

Grand Marais

There is a limestone pier
That stretches into blue
Waves on Lake Superior

Where I cast a spoon into
Water glowing translucent green
Like sunlight through a leaf

And watch a lone fishing boat
Surrounded by circling gulls
That cry a plaintive call

Make its way from the blue waves
Toward the calm green water
Behind the seawall of the harbor

Mime Artist

There is a part of me
That cannot speak,
That feels things
I cannot express in words,
But only in exaggerated gesture,
White-faced makeup,
Painted lips and stylized eyes.
I often bite my lips,
Stomp my feet in anger,
Because I can't convey
The message of what I want,
What I really need and so I
Continue to grope an invisible wall
For an opening that can't
Be seen but only felt.

Miriam's Song

As she washes dishes
I heard her singing
Softly to herself

I listen out of site
Octave and pitch
Beyond my grasp

And I am touched
By pureness of sound
Of lyrics sung

Above the tap water
At the kitchen window
Her voice floats

On the ring of crystal
The clink of china
A simple melody

Mistress Quickly

I watch her preparing dinner
Or setting the table, a white apron
Girdling her thighs, talking softly
To herself as she drops ice cubes
Into glasses, unaware that I am
Nearby listening.

Mr. Lucky

I've lived simply
All these years,
"Builds character"
I'd said,
But now I'm worried.
I hear good fortune
Breaking down
My door.

Nightjar

In darkness before sunrise
Tail lights of cars form a line
Winking into the horizon,

Reminding me of red glass jars
Holding rows of small votive candles
In the darkest corners of a church.

In a black cassock morning,
Church silence is broken by a truck
Passing at high speed on the interstate.

Night Touch

Evenings are cold but clear.
Stars and moon light the sky.
The Belt of Orion shines above
My neighbor's house, the Laotian,
Whose wife knows so little English.
I wish I knew the name of just one star.

On Her Own

No children,
No man,
Only herself
To care for.
Her comings
And goings
Her own
Choices.
When I see her
In a doorway,
I always wonder:
Coming?
Going?

Radio Flyer

The paint on the wagon
In the garage has faded
And it's now more pink
Than red
Rust forms a halo
Around each bolt's head and
The axle squeals as the
Wheels turn.
The children have grown
And haven't played with it
In many years, but I
Still keep it,
Always making
Room for it
When I clean the garage
Each spring and fall.

Rising

The nimbus of sunrise
Reflected in architectural glass

Articulated in panes
Growing large and more golden

Across the street
The financial center holds in each

Window a piece of sky
Like a mosaic in a Byzantine tomb

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Second Hand

The second hand
Thrift store smells of
Mildews and molds and
Dreams

So hard they crumble
Like an old cookie
When touched a single
Wooden

Shoe from Holland
Wobbles on a shelf
Next to china cups and
A brown

Glass decanter that once
Held coffee liqueur
Now holds only used
Wishes

Fields Of Silk

Her bed of love's pink touches
Were dreams are born,
Fantasies made flesh,
A place of soft laughter,
Peaceful darkness.

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Sky Blue

Wisps of impressionist clouds range
Across a landscape of fields with trees
In a

Sky Monet would paint for he did
Clouds as Degas did dancers in scenes
Dominated by

Summer skies that foil and accent the
Intrusion of poplar and cypress in
Full foliage

Into a brilliance of blue silk unsoiled
And still except for the slow trembling
Of leaves

Suffixes in Line

Her ethereal presence
Standing next to me
Lightness
Against my heaviness
Slenderness
Beside my mass
Fairness
Next to my darkening

I know that winds
Passes through form
Like breezes through lace curtains and
Sunlight shines through flesh
As through the sheerest gauze
Of fabric

And she stands with
Fluidness
Against my solidness
Softness
Aside my hardening

A calm landscape
Under a dark blue sky
A sparrow flying in the winds
Before a storm
Under low and heavy clouds
The ness of her
Against the *ing* of me

Our Three Wishes

It was simple once.
I used to practice wishing,
Rehearsing wishes
Confident of each one,
Certain of all three,
But now
It's grown complicated.
I'm not so certain and
Old desires no longer
Hold power over me.
I now understand
The danger of
One wish granted.

Time Fire

Yesterday's ablaze,
Flames licking
Across today
And smoke
Obscures tomorrow.
Soon everything
I have known,
Will know,
Now know,
Will be consumed,
All transformed to ash
Except not this,
Not these,
Not them.

My Vision

In my vision of the future I have shed denial
And offer no more explanations with open palms
No more accountings and questions and the voice
Of suspicion and interrogation are no longer
Whispered in a dreamer's ear for I am reborn

In new freedom I am acquitted of crimes
Imagined where I sneak off to fornicate
Before dinner and each shopping trip becomes
Torrid interlude with strange women whose breasts
Taste like salt and smell of sweat

Confronted with fantasy facts and the dark
Physics of a world imagined a shadow me
Lives alternate lives never enjoyed and
Grows weary in a universe of infinite lies
Where the laws of science are too complex to grasp

With relationships the fabrics of which are
Confusing and enigmatic to a reasonable man
So let me be undisturbed and unbothered
And escape the duplicity and the onus
Of innumerable oaths and overlooked proofs

To awaken now enlightened to the point
Where I can drive all night in August moonlight
And smoke unfiltered cigarettes in a chili-pepper-red
Convertible where the tachometer ticks off RPM's
And the odometer runs backwards

World on a String

She leans her head
And talks as if she knows me
And I listen
Long and silent
Like an old friend

Child of delicate grace
Fingers and hands
Move as if working invisible
Strings of a marionette
As she talks

My eyes are drawn
To the lazy motions of her
Hands that float slow
And gesture grows
Toward ritual dance

An onyx ring she wears
Is a cut and polished
Piece of a winter night
Set against virgin silkiness
That is the whiteness of her skin

Lady Zappiano

She wears a white apron
In the kitchen and bakes
Italian cookies on Sunday afternoons
And smokes unfiltered cigarettes

On winter evenings
She simmers sauces and boils pasta
And sprinkles spices from
An open palm

She undresses slowly
In the yellow glow
Of a Pieta nightlight and lays in a bed
That smells of garlic and onion

About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury is primarily a poet of the Internet with the majority of his work never leaving electronic form. His verse can be read at electronic magazines and journals across the world. Collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be found at Funky Dog Publishing <http://www.funkydogpublishing.com> and Athens Avenue <http://mywebpages.comcast.net/dtanoury1/Athens/index.htm>

This and other ebook collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be read and downloaded at: <http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html>

Doug grew up in Detroit, Michigan and still lives in the area.

Doug Tanoury credits his 7th grade poetry anthology from Sister Debra's English class, Reflections On A Gift Of Watermelon Pickle And Other Modern Verse, (Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders and Hugh Smith, (c) 1966 by Scott Foresman & Company) as exerting the greatest influence on his work. He still keeps a copy of it at his writing desk.